

THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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A Soul's Surrender

"O Son of God, Incarnate Word,
Thy love compelleth mine!
Take it, my wayward, rebel heart!
Make it be wholly Thine!

Break Thou, O Jesus, break the chains
Of earth that hold me fast!
Draw me till I capitulate
And live for Thee at last!

From Crib, and Cross, and Sacrament,
Ah, thence keep drawing me
To love but Thee, my Lord, my God,—
All else alone in Thee!

To love Thy Gospel, choosing it
To be my guiding light,—
To love and closely imitate
Thy Life all-flawless, bright!

Draw me to love Thy Will Divine,
With Thee, dear Lord, but one,—
Till, loving Thee, I find no joy
Unless Thy Will I've done!

And make me love Thy Sacred Heart
With love that counts no pain;—
Thy Generous Heart which nothing spared
Thy creature's love to gain!

Keep, Lord, Thy Hand o'er me outstretched
Lest Thee I should betray!
Lead to a truer Love of Thee
Thy pilgrim child each day!"

—Geo. A. Hild, C. Ss. R.

THE JUBILEE OF RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

The quiet of night which had settled upon Rome on March 29th was hardly broken Whitesun morning by the hurried steps of the few faithful who made their way to the gate of St. Sebastian and thence to a vineyard a mile and a quarter on where they found the descent to the catacomb of St. Calixtus. There in "The Chapel of the Popes" a handful of worshippers surrounded an altar at which a priest was offering to Almighty God the selfsame Sacrifice of the Mass which those martyred pontiffs had offered sixteen hundred years before. That Mass was the opening service of the Jubilee. It was a fitting opening to a Jubilee commemorating the Edict of Milan. By the Edict of Milan liberty of conscience was given to mankind, by it persecuted Christianity was allowed to come forth from her underground chapels and celebrate God's Mysteries in heaven's light. It was a fitting place, too; and amidst the tombs of those martyrs whose life-blood flowed for three centuries as a witness of Christ's teachings.

We can realize better the rejoicing of Christendom at this "charter of Liberty" by a study of the struggle Holy Church endured for three hundred years before the brilliancy of the Cross enlightened the mind of the Emperor Constantine to form the Edict of Milan.

The Triumph of Truth

The universal toleration which Pagan Rome gave to the beliefs of conquered peoples she steadfastly refused to the religion of Jesus. To profess His divine teachings was, as Mgr. Battifol remarks, "an heroic risk as much as it was an act of faith, and we cannot understand properly the special character of the Christianity of the first three centuries unless we see in it an exhortation to martyrdom."

The burning of Rome in the year 64 was the occasion of the first pagan persecution of Christianity. If we are in doubt as to the direct and certain meaning of the "Neronian law" spoken of by Tertullian, there can be little doubt as to the atrocities of Neronian punishments. From the few words of heathen writers of the time and the references to this persecution in the letter of Pope St. Clement to the Corinthians,

we can reconstruct the scenes of revelry which took place in the Vatican, at that time the imperial gardens of Nero. Christians were tarred, then crucified or impaled, and finally ignited thus to serve as human torches for ghastly festivities. The ferocity of the most refined barbarism was sated with the blood of thousands of martyrs.

In the second century Christianity became better known and opposition to it became more defined. The sufferings which Nero had inflicted were exceptional and beyond the common law. But when the Emperor Trajan settled the doubts which the governor of Bithynia had regarding the Christians, he fixed for the next seventy-five years the religious policy of the empire. By it the very admission of the Christian name entailed condemnation. What that meant under the repressive character of Roman punishment the history of the century bears witness. Christians who were transported were assigned unhealthy islands where hardships and privation made life a living death. Thus died Pope St. Pontian. Many, too, were the Christians who paid for the profession of their faith with penal servitude in the stone and marble quarries or in the gold and copper mines or even perhaps in the salt pits operated by the state in the different parts of the Roman world. St. Cyprian writing a word of commiseration to his fellow-bishops and the faithful in the mines at Sigus, reminds them that their maimed bodies, scourged and deprived of all earth's alleviations, bear souls inundated with the Savior's consolations; that the chains which manacled their feet would be loosened only by the Master's hand; that they, the bondsmen of earth, were to be the freedmen of heaven. What splendor that suffering betokened!

On very many of those who held firm to the faith capital punishment had been inflicted during the first two centuries. But in the third and fourth centuries executions became more and more like massacres. Christianity had come forth from the obscurity that had hitherto concealed its progress. It appeared now as a society, as a church. The emperors issued edicts of proscription specifying the classes of Christians to be prosecuted. Nor did they leave the application of these edicts to the discretion of individual governors. They determined the whole mode of procedure. Thus the persecutions, though of shorter duration, were much more violent. "There was no contrivance," says P. Allard, "which at some period of other was not applied to the martyrs. Capital punishment consisted in being thrown to the beasts or undergoing 'other similar sufferings' or in being beheaded. Those

'other similar sufferings' meant for the Christians every suffering which human cruelty could invent when inspired by hell."

The last persecution under Diocletian in the fourth century raged fiercest. St. Timothy and his wife, St. Maura, were crucified facing each other and their agonies protracted for nine days. Galerius, one of the co-regents, invented a method of slowly burning the Christians so that they, at times, burnt for ten and twelve hours without dying. Ordinarily, however, the emperors in this persecution were obsessed with the Neronian desire that Christians had but one head that they might strike it off at one blow.

The seed of Christ's doctrine had been planted in fruitful soil and watered with the blood of Christian heroes. It had grown to a tree against whose roots many a woodman had laid his axe in vain. It spread its branches and its luxuriance won for it a protector who gave it the freedom of growth intended for it by the divine Sower.

The Triumph of the Cross

When Diocletian drew the sword of persecution the Catholics of the empire were in about the same proportion to the whole population as are the Catholics today in the United States. A body strong enough to have an influence yet hardly influential enough to cause a ruler to break with the traditions of a thousand years and to strive single handed against the prejudices those traditions had engendered.

From the wars which were ravaging the territories of his co-regents, Constantine kept aloof. When, however, Maxentius usurped the imperial title and overthrew the statues of the emperor war became inevitable. Constantine calculated his chances; they were the slenderest. The enemy possessed the field, his army was four times as large, and the gods whom Constantine had learned to despise, he profusely propitiated. One conviction mastered Constantine: that the Author of All Good prescribed over the destinies of Rome. With Him would he plead. But to change such a man as Constantine into the instrument Providence designed required a special intervention, a striking sign. The sign was given; it was the Sign of the Cross.

One day at the noon hour there appeared in the heavens just below the sun a Cross and the words: "In this conquer." The same night the Christ of the Christians bade Constantine to model his mili-

tary ensign after the vision he had seen. He did so. Success marked the campaign which ended at the Milvian Bridge in the utter defeat of the tyrant Maxentius. The hero of the Cross marched into Rome bearing aloft not the imperial eagle, but the sacred emblem of our Salvation. Senators, some of whom were freed from prison, others from the terrors of a tyrant, saluted the standard of the Liberator.

The Charter of Liberty

Amidst the pomp and adulation that greeted Constantine on every side, he kept mindful of the cause whose champion he, perhaps, unwittingly became. To Maximin Daia, the tyrant of the East, he sent a menacing letter demanding the stay of Christian persecution going on in his portion of the empire. He went to Milan in March of the following year to assist at the marriage of his sister to Licinius, his colleague and ally. Even the peaceful festivities could not distract him from his driving desire. He there negotiated a universal religious peace, and gave to Christianity by "The Edict of Milan," its Charter of Liberty.

It would not be fair to the Christians' Liberator to say that the Edict of Milan was a necessity of the times; it would not be fair to the Christians' God to say that the liberty given needed not His delivering hand. The three centuries of silent, constant resistance, revealed the strength and vigor of Christianity. But it is not the merit of Constantine only to have recognized that. What is pre-eminently his merit is to have so co-operated with the "divine impulse" that taking advantage of the flattery of the aristocracy he established Christian liberty, necessarily so revolting to the very large pagan portion of his people.

Lovingly, then, do we honor and venerate the relics of Holy Church's martyrs; lovingly do we regard them as our heroes and exemplars; lovingly do we rejoice in our fellowship with them. And in this day of jubilee it would be a life joy and a life lesson to trace the galleries of tombs in Rome's catacombs where rested those heroes who at the price of their blood changed the Rome of the Caesars into the citadel of the Kingdom of God.

T. F. KENNY, C. Ss. R.

A few humble souls please God more than a thousand wanting in humility.

St. Alphonsus Liguori.

AT THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

After the brilliant exercises of school-graduation, when the well-worn books have been laid away to rest, the young woman stands at the parting of the ways, and the inevitable question looms up before her: "Whither shall I go?" The answer to this little word 'whither' contains within it a girl's future temporal and eternal happiness.

We have often noticed on the roads much used by autos and other vehicles, signs and signals, telling the distance, warning against a dangerous curve, or crossing; and, at a parting of the ways, telling to what place each road leads. Just such a guide-post we will set up at the parting of the ways in the life of a young woman, to point out the direction that she is to take when it becomes necessary for her to ask "whither". Upon the two arms of this guide we will write the simple words: "To the married life—To the single life."

The Marriage State

Contemplate the charming picture of a Christian family. The mother in the midst of a circle of devoted children, her loving husband at her side. How happy is such a mother! In the family woman is in her element, in her proper sphere. There she can employ to advantage all the powers of mind and body which the Creator has conferred upon her. Bishop Hedley of England has well said: "There is nothing, not even in the Pastorate and the treasures committed to its keeping on which the kingdom of God in this world more essentially depends than the happy Christian family. For all the dispensations of divine grace by the ministers of Christ may be said to be useless and of no effect unless there is the Christian home to receive it. It is the Christian home that furnishes the Christian multitudes, and that provides the priests for the altars of God. It is from the Christian home that come the worshippers for whom the Mass was instituted, the eager throng that partake of the Sacraments, and the congregations who pray in common and listen to the word of God. The state of singleness and chastity has been blessed as the better part, but it is for the minority; and even the celibate and the virgin must come from the Christian family." The woman who is a good wife

and mother is fulfilling one of the highest vocations that is granted to woman. Outside of consecrated virginity, there is no career equal to it. We do best that for which we are most naturally fitted, and every woman should be at her best when fulfilling the duties of wife and mother.

And yet in spite of all this not every young woman is destined for the state of matrimony. There are those first of all who do not enjoy mental or physical health. Go to the home where the mother is constantly tormented with disease in some form or other. How pitiful the sight, especially if the children must share this sad lot with the mother, and never enjoy the blessing of health.

Furthermore, such a one is not called to the marriage state, who will not learn housekeeping or who has no inclination towards domestic life. Such a wife cannot make a happy home. She is conversant in all else but knows naught of conducting a household. She is solicitous about all other affairs, but that which concerns her most receives no attention. Such a woman would rather nurse a lap-dog than a baby. People are prone to talk as if the marriage ceremony were a sort of magic rune which, if properly gone through with, will endow the flighty, frivolous girl with all the domestic virtues. The unfortunate husband of such a wife must experience the truth of the adage: "The wife may spill more with a thimble than the husband can draw with a bucket."

The third kind of young woman who is hardly destined for the conjugal life, is one whose character is seriously defective. The marriage state requires almost heroic patience, forbearance, and sacrifice. Bishop Hedley's words on this point are most opportune: "Marriage is the most momentous of human contracts. It affects a man or woman all through life and in every hour of life. It calls for a constant self-restraint which can only be obtained through a special grace. It demands a mutual love and affection which must not depend upon mere feeling or attraction, but must endure and be active even when nature gives no help, when the fancies of youth have died out. Marriage requires that most difficult of all attainments—the repression of one's native selfishness and the constant practice of consideration for others." Cardinal Newman in his great novel "Callista" expresses a similar mind: "In individual cases it (the matrimonial contract) may be made without thought or distress, but surveyed objectively, and as

carried out into a sufficient range of instances, it is so tremendous an undertaking that nature seems to sink under its responsibilities. The mind shrinks from such a sacrifice, and demands that, as religion enjoins it, religion should sanction and bless it."

What makes the child's sojourn under the parental roof so agreeable? Undoubtedly the fact that father and mother are so devoted that their mutual love enables them to bear each other's faults cheerfully. Many children on the other hand bless the day that will see them depart from the home of their childhood. The cause is easily found. The parents, instead of showing mutual affection, turn from each other in anger and hatred, quarrelling upon the least provocation, always brooding over ungrounded suspicions. All this may be due to difference of religious belief, or perhaps one or the other has made this contract for life without knowing sufficiently the character of the other. A young woman who is naturally given to bursts of anger, or is possessed of other serious pet faults, and cannot, or will not, dispossess herself of them, should not yet think of marrying.

The Single Life

Upon the other arm of the guide-post are the words: "To the single life." We have seen that many are not naturally constituted for the conjugal life. There are besides, some, who, though well qualified, never chance upon the man of their choice. For all such there are many worldly callings.

Young women who evince a special affection for children, and are endowed with good traits of character and with piety can accomplish a world of good for Church and state in the calling of teacher and instructor. Nothing is more gratifying for them than to see the tender plant, fostered and guided by them, develop, mature, and bear abundant fruit. Besides the qualities already mentioned, talent and good health are necessary for this work. The medical profession, especially for the diseases of women and children, requires special talent, diligent study, and sympathy for suffering mankind. Akin to this is the nursing of the sick. Positions in the various bureaus as correspondents, stenographers, merchants' assistants, bookkeepers, officials in banks, in post and railroad offices. These demand not only a thorough schooling but also an unusually strong nerve-system. The various domestic

occupations such as children's maids, housekeepers, cooks, mistress' assistants, are also very appropriate, as well as modistes, tailors, and employment in divers industries.

We have mentioned most of the worldly occupations that are afforded in the single life, but the Most High has destined many young women for his own service. In most wonderful ways He singles them out and draws them from the surging multitudes into the solitude of the cloister. Happy those to whom the Master has beckoned with the call: "Come, follow Me." Thrice blessed is that young lady who has hearkened to the voice of the heavenly bridegroom, for of her the Saviour has said: "And every one that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundred-fold, and shall possess life everlasting." Matth. XIX. 29.

A religious truly imbued with the spirit of poverty, chastity, and obedience, can effect untold good for mankind. The very glance of the innocent child, for whom she exerts a mother's care; the attachment of the growing girl, whom she guides through the various branches of science, and equips with the knowledge requisite for future life, whom she instructs in the truths of our holy faith; the grateful smile on the dying countenance of the poor children of men, who in their long and painful sufferings have been the special object of her undying fidelity; all these bear undeniable witness of what a spouse of Christ can accomplish for mankind. And the interior happiness and peace of soul which a religious experiences in her vocation are beyond the power of words to express. In the solitude of her cell she lifts her hands in fervent prayer for the afflicted children of earth, and atones for their dark deeds. For the love of her Master she devotes all her energy to her fellow-men and remains faithful to the holy vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. The reward that awaits her upon her passage into eternity must indeed be very great. St. John says of such souls, that they will stand at the throne of God and will sing a new canticle which others cannot sing. Apoc. XIV, 1-5.

Still it may be well to add that the religious garb does not as yet render one a true religious. It is the spirit of the religious life which, if possessed and jealously guarded will insure all these blessings. Those only are called to the religious state who are prepared for sacrifices, for this state is one of perpetual immolation.

Such are the two roads pointed out by the silent guide at the parting of the ways. Before making the important step in either direction, young women should bear in mind that above them is an All-Seeing God, who knows all human affairs. To Him they must first raise a supplicating voice: "Make the way known to me, wherein I should walk, (Ps. 142, 8), and the good Father will point out the way they must take. Then, too, at this juncture are present father and mother, who have carefully led them hither, all the way lavishing upon them the most tender solicitude. With childlike sincerity they should ask their parents' advice. They are veterans in the ways and warfare of life, and have perhaps a better knowledge of the children than the children themselves. There, too, they will find their spiritual father, who tries to become all to all to save all. He is well aware of the difficulties that beset the traveller at this decisive moment; and many a young woman has been directed by him into safe ways. They should confide the cause of their anxiety to him, and they will experience how magnanimously he will concern himself about them, pray with them, and advise them "whither" to go. Young women following this advice will never go astray, provided they always keep in view the eternal welfare of their immortal souls.

JOS. W. PRINTEN, C. Ss. R.

AN EPISODE OF AN EVENTFUL WEEK

We like to recall the deeds of those we love. Every recollection has an interest for us, every remembrance a charm. Actions that to strangers have no meaning, to us are weighted with significance. Memory makes us live again with those we have loved and lost, and in some manner makes recompense for the absence of the loved.

But if their deeds are dear, the words of those we love are held as priceless treasures of the heart, treasures that only the gold of memory can buy.

How thankful we are to our Mother the Church, that She, with true motherly instinct, relates to us on Sunday mornings, not only the deeds, but the very words of Him whom we look upon as our best friend, for He has loved us best.

This year, on the 19th of September, is read to us one of the beautiful parables, by means of which Christ so loved to teach the Jewish people. It is the more striking and significant, because spoken under peculiar circumstances.

Details of the Occasion

It was the third day of the most eventful week in the course of the world's history—only three days before that real and great Pasch, looked forward to since the days of Moses. As was usual, Jerusalem was crowded with a motley throng. From all parts of Judea and Galilee, and the bordering districts they had come with religious punctuality to celebrate the feast.

At these celebrations, the Temple was always the center of attraction. But on that day there was another object on which all eyes were riveted, another subject of thought and conversation. Jesus the Messiah was at the feast. His fame had spread gradually, so that His believers were now many, though His followers were few. This was the third time that He had appeared publicly at the Pasch, and the people knew that a crisis was reached in His career. True, He had sadly disappointed them on Palm Sunday, when His triumphal entry into the city proved to be, not the establishment of an earthly kingdom, but a fulfillment which they could not understand, of an ancient prophecy. But the people still regarded Him as a master and patron, and the Pharisees were more than ever afraid of His power. When, therefore, He appeared in the Temple to teach, crowds flocked to hear Him. The common folk went with mingled feelings of curiosity and religiousness, the leaders were moved by envy and wicked design.

Today, for the most part, His speech was directed against the Scribes and Pharisees. He told them of the two disobedient sons, and insinuated how they themselves had disobeyed the voice of St. John the Baptist. He drew for them the picture of the wicked servants in the vineyards, clearly portraying in prophetic speech how they, the leaders of the people, would accomplish His death, as their fathers had stoned to death the prophets of old. He had not as yet pronounced His awful woes against the Scribes and Pharisees, but they were soon to follow. He foretold again, for the last time in public,

the rejection of the Jews from the kingdom of Christ and the call of the gentiles thereto. It was the last of His public parables.

The Word He Spoke to Them

"The kingdom of heaven is likened to a king who made a marriage for his son. And he sent his servants to call them that were invited to the marriage. And they would not come. Again he sent other servants saying: 'Tell them that were invited: "Behold, I have prepared my dinner, my beeves and fatlings are killed, and all things are ready; come to the feast."' But they neglected, and went their ways, one to his farm, and another to his merchandise. And the rest laid hands on his servants, and having treated them contumeliously, put them to death. But when the king heard of it, he was angry; and sending his armies, he destroyed those murderers, and burned their city. Then he saith to his servants: 'The marriage indeed, is ready, but they that were invited were not worthy. Go ye, therefore into the highways, and as many as you shall find call to the marriage.' And the servants, going forth into the ways, gathered together all that they found, both good and bad; and the marriage was filled with guests. And the king went in to see the guests; and he saw there a man who had not on a wedding-garment. And he saith to him: 'Friend, how camest thou in hither not having on a wedding-garment?' But he was silent. Then the king said to the waiters: 'Bind his hands and feet and cast him into the exterior darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth. For many are called but few are chosen.'.....

Such is the parable in full. Its meaning, which one can scarcely even at the first glance fail to grasp, is twofold—the destruction of the Jewish theocracy, and the call of the Gentiles, with the punishment of wicked Christians.

The prophecy is again repeated that the Jewish nation shall be wiped away, while the destruction of the Temple and the city is foretold with striking detail.

The Signs of the Times

A short glance at some of the particulars of this parable will give us its historical setting, and at the same time, a closer insight into its meaning in the mind of Christ. First of all, the last public mention of the Kingdom of Heaven must needs clarify the Jewish conception of the Messianic kingdom, and impart the true idea. In the minds of the Jews, the kingdom of heaven was, in general, the dominion of God over things terrestrial, and in particular, the ancient theocratic government of the Hebrew nation. It was a real visible kingdom, with the almighty Jahve at its head, ruling His people through divinely appointed agents. However, the perfection of this theocratic govern-

ment would be reached only when the Messiah would be at its head as its earthly ruler. This expectation consoled the earlier Jews in their trials and reverses, and whetted their longing for the coming of the Messianic reign. It never entered their minds that the Messiah would institute a spiritual kingdom, which meant the overthrow of their cherished synagogue. Even down to the very times of Christ, hopes were high that their dreams of a revival of national glory would be realized. To this people, Christ preached the doctrine of the kingdom of heaven. He appeared as the Messiah foretold by the prophets, and preached what the prophets meant by the approach of the kingdom of God. He showed how it was to be, not only the dominion of God over individuals, but a real established society, with the Son of God as its head. He was to rule invisibly, through divinely constituted ministers. This kingdom had its origin in heaven, whence the Son came from the bosom of His Father; and it will have its perfection in heaven, where Christ will reign in eternal glory with His saints. This kingdom, Christ's Church, is founded for men, and upon earth, and, as was foretold, embraces all nations and will last till the end of time. When the combat is over, the rewards of strife will be given, and eternal glory will be enjoyed.

The earthly-minded Jews could not comprehend the meaning of His words, though clearly impressed on so many occasions.

The very form of the verb "is likened", in the Greek, showed that Christ had in mind a real historic reference. The king of the parable represented the God of the Jews, the servants were the prophets, the invited guests were the members of the chosen race. And so on, throughout the similitude.

We cannot say that the king mentioned was a real personage, but there can be no doubt that the word was meant in a sense familiar to the Jews. Nor was there any strangeness in the idea of a king making a marriage for his son, and inviting his subjects to the feast in order to gain their good will. What had Herod the Great not done, after his cruel murders, to gain at least a meed of respect from his subjects. Herod's sons, Archelaus and Antipas, must needs also court the favor of the people. "We will not have this king rule over us," they said when Archelaus received his portion of his father's kingdom. And it took the power of Rome to coerce them to subjection.

Herod Antipas was he that had been rebuked by John the Baptist for taking in marriage his brother's wife, and in revenge had put John

to death. And the Baptist was the people's hero. Small wonder, then, that kings should be conciliatory. No surprise was created at the saying that a king invited the common people to his son's marriage. And the more natural seems his wrath, when they would not bow to his condescension.

Nor should we be surprised at a special summons immediately before the feast, to those that had been previously invited. For it was a custom not only in Jerusalem (Edersheim, Schanz), but in all Palestine, and even among the Greeks and Romans to send a double invitation to marriage guests (Fonck).

What might be more strange is the explanation in detail of the preparations for the wedding banquet. "Behold, my dinner is ready, my beeves and fatlings are killed, and all is ready." This dinner was probably not the banquet proper. The word 'ariston' used in the Greek text in early Homeric usage meant breakfast; later, it meant a lunch or light midday-meal. Here it means an early meal which preceded the grand marriage supper.

But, alas, the invited would not hear, and severally went their way, one to his farm, the other to his merchandise. We must remember that the wedding feast was not a family affair, but took on the nature of a political gathering. The presence of the people at the marriage of the king's son was an act of homage and an implicit acknowledgment of the son's claims as his father's lawful successor. Hence we can understand how all classes were invited, and how the invitation led to a rebellion.

The first class was composed of peaceful husbandmen and merchants; the second class was gathered from the higher circles, men of influence, who might hope to lead a successful revolt. Their absence from the feast spelled rebellion, which was more emphatically impressed by the murder of the king's messengers. Then the spark of the king's wrath burst forth into the flame of revenge. Soldiers were dispatched in haste to slaughter the murderers and destroy their city.

This parable was one of those discourses when Christ foretold in clearest terms the near destruction of the Holy City. Even Protestants and rationalists so clearly recognized this fact that, in order to save the principle that prophecies are impossible, they fix the date of the composition of St. Matthew's Gospel after the year 70, when Jerusalem was actually destroyed. But authentic history records both the utterance of the prophecy, and its fulfillment at the stated time.

The Jews were slaughtered in their own city, and their habitations were razed to the ground. They, and especially their leaders, had turned a deaf ear to the invitations of the great King, they had put to death His messengers—the prophets, Christ, and some of the disciples, and now—behold their punishment.

After the death of Christ, Judea continued to be ruled as a Roman province by Roman procurators. These rulers were often harsh toward the ruled, and hence frequent revolts were the order of the time. Under Gessius Florus (66 A. D.) things came to a crisis. A Jewish insurgent party massacred the Roman garrison, and fired the palaces. Immediately Cestius Gallus was sent from Syria with the Twelfth Roman Legion (Oct. 30, 66) but only met repulses and had to retire. (Antiq. Jud. XX, XXI.) Then it was that the Christians, remembering Christ's warning and prophecy (Luke 19, 43-44), withdrew beyond the Jordan, led by their Bishop S. Simeon.

Nero commanded his general Vespasian to quell the insurrection, and Vespasian, accompanied by his son Titus, invaded Galilee (A. D. 67) with an army of 60,000 men. The next year but one, in 69, Vespasian becoming emperor, Titus was left in supreme command of the Army of the East. The following year, he laid siege to the Holy City. On the 14th Abib, or March 31st, he took up his position on the mounts (Scopus and Olives) opposite the city. On the 9th of April the third or outer wall was taken, giving Titus the mastery of the new town. Ten days later, the second wall was seized. But the tower of Antonia, which guarded the temple was impregnable. Then Titus changed his plan of action. He surrounded the city with an earth-work, cutting off outward communication. Terrible results soon followed. After three weeks of most strenuous fighting, an entrance was gained to the Antonia on June 20th. Still the Temple remained. At last, on July 23d, a Roman soldier flung a blazing torch into one of the halls adjoining the Holy of Holies. The fire soon spread, and the whole height was one horrible mass of corpses and ruins. On the 1st of August the city was definitely in the power of the Romans after a siege of 143 days. To those who congratulated him, Titus replied: "It is not I who have conquered. God in His wrath against the Jews has made use of my arm." (Bell. Jud. VIII.) During the siege, 600,000 Jews, according to Tacitus, or according to Josephus, more than 1,000,000 perished by the sword, disease, or famine. This was the destruction

typified by the action of the king in the parable—this the final overthrow of the Jewish theocracy.

The call of the Gentiles and the punishment of wicked Christians were intimated by the last general invitation extended to the good and the bad, and the expulsion of the unworthy guest from the feast. Exegetists have much to say on these points which space will not allow us to notice.

L. SKINNER, C. Ss. R.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION

Once upon a time, the story runs, a mighty baron came to his neighbor and said:

"I have lost my valued cook; and now my meals are insipid, and my banquets are a failure."

"And I," said the neighbor, "can recommend a cook who will more than take the place of the one you have lost."

"Tell me one thing, upon your word of honor; is he a perfect cook?"

"Upon my word of honor, he is a perfect cook."

The baron engaged him, but a few weeks later returned and accused his friend of deception.

"You called him a perfect cook! Why, not one decent meal have I had since he came to the house!"

"I am surprised," said the neighbor, "never before have I known him to spoil a dish that he attempted to prepare."

"O!" said the baron, "the dishes he prepares are faultless—excellent! But I do not get them. The clumsy waiters upset them all before they reach the table."

Every day we meet people who charge us with overpraising the Catholic school; not because it fails to do its work; but because someone else steps in, and hinders that work from producing its results.

The Objection

"You make a great noise about your Catholic schools. But apply to them the time-honored test: 'By their fruits you shall know them.'

It is written: 'A good tree cannot bring forth bad fruit.' If then your Catholic schools are good, how is it that every gang of toughs draws some of its recruits from the Catholic school? How is it that a very considerable per cent of the inmates of our prisons and reformatories go on record as products of the Catholic school?"

The Fact

"This tough, this jail-bird, spent some of his time in the Catholic school, therefore the Catholic school turns out toughs and jail-birds." That may sound well in a popular harangue on "the little red school house," but as an argument it is worthless. Not the child that went for some time to the Catholic school, but the child that received the greater part of its education in the Catholic school, that is the product of the Catholic school. Now ordinarily the primary education of a child lasts from its sixth or seventh year to about the fourteenth year; or for a period of some six or seven years. Hence, if a child spent two or three years in the Catholic school and the remainder of the time in a public school or in no school at all, that child is not a product of the Catholic school. Again, if a child spent about half the time each year in a Catholic school, and the other half was sick, or working, or playing truant, that child is not a product of the Catholic school.

Applying this self-evident test to the toughs and jail-birds in question, we shall find that most of those who "are on record as products of the Catholic school" are incorrectly so. This test will clarify the atmosphere to such an extent that we can proceed, without any serious misgiving, to count the products of the Catholic school that have gone wrong. I say, we can proceed to *count* them; for they surely exist. This is the admission I candidly make to our objectors. This is the *fact* I wish to state. There are products of the Catholic school among the toughs and jail-birds. What is the cause? Aside from the fact that they have a free will and could go astray even amid the most favorable surroundings, there is some special cause. What is it?

The Cause

The real educators ordained by nature and nature's God are the parents. They begin to educate the child, to form it for good or for evil, to some extent, even before it is born; and they, whether living or dead,

continue to educate it, to influence it for good or for evil, until the day it dies. The ideal education, the education that would have prevailed if our nature had not been degraded and corrupted by sin, is that wherein the children receive all their education from the parents. Adam, with his perfect knowledge of natural and supernatural things, acquired by the unerring investigations of his own unclouded intellect, or by direct revelation from Almighty God, would have transmitted this knowledge in its integrity to the unclouded minds of his children, and they in turn to their children; and thus, down the ages children would have learned every art, every science, every truth, every virtue from the word and example of their parents. But sin has shattered this ideal, as it has shattered many another.

Since the human mind has been clouded by sin, no parent possesses more than a small portion of the knowledge that should be imparted to the child; and no parent is capable of imparting to his child more than a small portion of the little knowledge that he does possess. Hence it is that the parent is incapable of performing unaided his duty of educating his child, and he is obliged to call in the assistance of the school. Still, the parents are and remain the principal educators of their children. The education, whether for good or for evil, will affect the child ten times more, indeed, if it is for evil, it will often affect the child one hundred times more, than that imparted in any school. In school, the child may be taught that it is wrong to lie; but if it hears its mother lie to neighbors and callers, that child will be a liar. The child may be taught in school that it is wrong to steal; but if it hears its father relate triumphantly how he overreached his neighbor in business, that child will be a thief. The child may be taught in school that it should honor God and God's ministers, and keep God's holy law; but if its parents curse and blaspheme God's holy name, criticize the Priest, the Bishop, and the Pope, neglect prayer and Mass and Sacraments, that child will sooner or later develop into a blasphemous, carping, critical, indifferent, Mass-missing Catholic. One guilty act, one guilty word in the presence of a child, even of only three or four years, often leaves an impression that years of "school" are powerless to efface.

Whenever you find that a product of the Catholic school has gone wrong, examine closely the lessons which that child received from its principal educators, the parents; and in nine cases out of ten you will find that the child is the product of an unchristian home. Here then

is the *cause* for which we sought, here is the reason why the products of the Catholic school sometimes go wrong. But God forbid that we should be content with locating the fault; our one desire is to apply a remedy.

The Remedy

The first thing requisite in applying a remedy is for the parents to *realize* the immense power they possess in the formation of their children. Parents are almost always good at heart. They do not mean to harm the souls of their children; but they never stop to reflect on the effects of their conduct. That mother who flies into a passion, and uses profane and impure language in the presence of her children, would cut off her right hand rather than do so if she but recollected that she is training her children to grow up passionate, ugly-tempered, immodest, men and women. That father who misses Mass with the knowledge of his children, would avoid this sin at any cost, if he ever even dreamed that his example was, in all probability, making of his children apostates and infidels.

The next thing requisite in applying a remedy to the evil is *perseverance*. The parents should begin early in this work of education—even long before the children are born; for we know that the virtues and vices of parents are to some measure, reproduced in their children. They should lovingly try to develop the good traits and restrain the bad traits of their children while they are still infants, and much more as they approach the age of reason. They should pray for them, teach them their prayers and see that they recite them, help them to learn their catechism, set them none but good example, permit them to associate with none but good companions, advise, instruct, encourage them on their journey through life. This is the work in which the parents should *persevere*; persevere even when their efforts seem to bring no good results—keep on sowing the good seed, the harvest must come some day; persevere in spite of the fact that it means perpetual self-denial and self-restraint; persevere in spite of the fact that they often fall back into their old-time habit of scandalizing the children—rise up at once and try again—the children will be quick to notice the earnest effort, and they will draw edification from it.

When the parents—the principal educators—have thus done all in their power, then let them call to their aid the Catholic school and the zealous pastor. When this triple power in Christian education: the parents, the Priest, and the school, work together in harmony, then they may hope for the best results. Let no one say that this is asking too much for the Christian education of the children. Christian father, Christian mother, is there anything better, nay, is there anything one-half so good, to which you can devote your time, your money, your health, your faculties, your life, as the Christian education of your children—the training of those precious charges—those sons of God—those brothers of Jesus Christ—those princes of heaven's court—those creatures of earth who by God's grace and your help will rise so high as during all a blissful eternity to occupy the celestial thrones left vacant by the fallen angels? The immortal soul of that child of yours has begun to exist, and no power on earth or in heaven will ever destroy it. It must live forever in heaven or in hell, and yours will be the glory or the shame. For every child of man that stands before the judgment seat of Jesus Christ, three persons will be called to give an account, the parents, the pastor, and the teacher; if the child is damned, the parents will first of all be held responsible, if it is saved, they will receive the chief reward.

C. D. MC ENNIRY, C. Ss. R.

ALL ENDS WITH DEATH

By wordlings only such are esteemed fortunate who enjoy the good things of earth, and revel in pleasure and wealth and pomp. But death puts an end to all earthly fortunes. "For what is your life? It is a vapor which appeareth for a little while." (James IV, 15.) Sometimes the vapors that exhale from the earth, float in the air, are flooded with sun-light, and then make a splendid show. But how long does their splendor last? The least breath of wind is enough to dissipate all. Behold that gentleman; today he is courted, feared, almost adored; tomorrow he is dead, despised, reviled, trodden in the dust.

At death we must leave all things. The brother of that great servant of God, Thomas a Kempis, prided himself upon the beautiful home he had built for his family. One day a friend of his remarked

that he had committed a serious blunder. "What blunder?" he asked. "Why, you have put a door into it." "What of that? Do you call that a blunder?" "Of course; for one day you must pass out of that door for the last time as a corpse and leave your home forever."

In a word, death strips man of all the goods of earth. What a sad spectacle it were to see a prince cast out of his own palace, which he shall never more enter again; to see others take possession of his furniture, of his treasure, of all he once prized. His servants then abandon him to his tomb, allowing him only the garment that covers his body. Then there is none to revere him, none to flatter him, none to attend to his orders. The mighty Saladin who had built a colossal empire, came to die. It was then he issued directions that when his corpse was being borne to burial it should be preceded by a herald, who should carry his winding-sheet suspended upon a lance, and cry aloud to all passers-by: "This is all that Saladin brings with him to his grave."

Once the corpse of the greatest prince is lowered into the grave, the flesh soon begins to decay, and behold! his skeleton can no longer be distinguished from others. St. Basil impresses this thought on us: "Study the graves of the dead and see if you can discern who was servant, who was master." Diogenes, one of the most celebrated sages of Greece, was once met by Alexander the Great. The philosopher was seeking for something with evident anxiety, and seeking among the bones of the dead. This roused the curiosity of the king who inquired: "What are you looking for?" Then came the awful answer: "I am seeking the skull of Philip, your father, but alas, I cannot distinguish it from the rest. If you can do so, show it to me." Even Seneca, the philosopher of Rome, reminds us that men are born into the world in different and unequal conditions, but at death all are reduced to the same level. Horace, the poet of Rome's golden age, remarks: "Death equalizes the sceptre with the spade." Truly, when death comes the end comes; just as the prophet Ezekiel warns: "The end is come, the end is come." (VII, 6.)

My Lord, since thou givest me light to know that all the things of earth are but vapor and folly, grant me strength to detach my heart from them, before death steals upon me. How often for these wretched goods of earth have I offended and lost thee who are the one infinite Good.

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

ONLY A MEDAL

All day long the snow had been falling. Brisk winds swirled it up, piling it in huge ghostly drifts at street corners, against house-doors and walls. Here and there rose the shrill shouts and laughter of rosy-cheeked children, as they waded and scrambled through the big fleecy banks on their way from school.

Mrs. Morrison was sitting alone in her cottage. A bright fire, which seemed to defy the cold, was crackling in the grate. She was far past middle age. Her white hair, brushed away from her wrinkled forehead and done up in the back in the old-fashioned way, rivalled the whiteness of the snow sifting on the window-sills. Care and worry had each traced its story on her face leaving it seamed with furrows, yet, to a close observer, that face revealed a quiet and calm loveliness that betokened happier days.

The shouts of the children roused her. She rose, placed the kettle on the stove, and began setting a little square table for two. This done, she walked to the window and peered down the street. A few straggling children shambled past.

"How short the time seems since John was even as those little ones," she murmured, "and I used to stand at this same window watching for him to come from school and take him up in my arms and warm his cold little hands and feet at the fire. I wonder what is keeping him tonight?"

She looked again down the street.

"Yes, that's he!"

She hurried to the kitchen, and busied herself preparing supper. Soon there was a stamping of feet and she knew John was come.

Yes, there he was before her; tall, broad shouldered, his two earnest brown eyes looking out at her from beneath a wealth of black, curly hair.

"I was wondering what could be keeping you, John," she said, as she took his overcoat from him, shaking it free from the snow.

He gathered her, overcoat and all into his big, strong arms.

"Why, mother, I was saying goodbye to some of my chums. This leaving home makes me sad. I don't know why it is. Ever since I made up my mind last week to go West, I have been anxious to start; but tonight there's a feeling on me that I should not go and leave you alone."

"But, John, let us hope it is for the best."

"Yes, it is for the best," he answered determinedly. "It is for your sake. If I were alone I would be satisfied to remain where I am."

"You must not think of me alone, dear," she rejoined. "I am growing old and soon you will have no one to think of but yourself."

"Please do not speak that way, mother," said John. "It makes a chill creep over me. It is all these worries of yours that makes you speak that way. I shall soon make my fortune—then no more cares nor worries," and John's face glowed as pictures of good times coming floated before his fancy.

John Morrison had been working in a big shoe-factory in the town of N——. His father had died shortly after John was born and his mother had been left with very little to support herself and her son. She had taken in washing until John had left school and was big enough to earn a few dollars to keep the house going. He had always dreamed of one day being a rich man, and had grasped at every opportunity to lift himself higher. But a shoe-factory was no place for ambition such as his. At last an old school chum had written to him from the West, telling him of a great gold find in the mountains. He had staked out promising mining property, offering to John an interest if he should come West. Here was an opportunity and he had made up his mind to try his fortune among the Rockies.

"I received another letter, mother, from Jack Carson. He is waiting for me to say the word."

"You must go to him, John," she said slowly. "Opportunity knocks but once at the door. I am satisfied to see you go. I shall not be lonely nor worry. You have ever been an obedient son to me and for this God and His Holy Mother will watch over you and keep you from harm."

At the mention of these two names John became thoughtful. True, he loved his mother dearly, very dearly, but religion—it had not the sweetness of other days. In the factory where he had lately worked he was forced to associate with old men and young whose minds were taken up with things other than religion. The talk was ever of pleasures, of games of chance, of women and wine. When the subject of religion was broached there were always some who ridiculed the idea.

"Religion!" one would say, "why, religion is a pious diversion for women and children, for weak-minded old men. It is too puerile for

men. Men, whose object in life is money-making, have no time for religion."

"Men are born for one purpose," another would say, "and that one purpose is to keep this giddy old world of ours swinging around in a ceaseless path of pleasures. How can men do this if they divide their talents and energies between the world and religion? It is impossible. When their fortunes are amassed, their mark made in life, when old age is stealing upon them, then and then only should they bother themselves with religion."

This was the sort of talk John was accustomed to hear. In the beginning it grated on his ears and his Catholic instincts prompted him to resent it. But when he looked about and saw that such things were the sentiment of the crowd, he held his tongue.

"It's strange," he used to whisper to himself, "that these fellows who talk this way seem the most prosperous and happy. Can it be that there's truth in what they say?"

Drop by drop this poison was trickling into his mind; day by day it seemed to dawn brighter on him, that it was true; that a man had no time for religion if he wished to make a fortune. He had talents, energy, ambition that demanded a wider field than a mere shoe-factory. Then came the letter from his chum in the West. This was the long-sighed for opportunity. It was glittering before him and—would he let religion dim its lustre?

When his mother mentioned the two holy names his first impulse was to tell her that in his new rôle of life he would have to put religion in a corner. On second thought, however, he remembered how deeply religious she was and how she had striven to instill the same spirit into his heart when he was a boy. So he played the hypocrite and began speaking of other things. After telling her all his hopes, he arose from supper, and went to his room to finish the packing of his trunk, while his mother cleared away the table.

How cold and dreary his room appeared and the thought that he had just now deceived his mother made it colder and drearier still.

"Pshaw!" he muttered, "if I had told her my true feelings she would begin crying and be unhappy. She thinks I am all straight. If she does not know the real truth it is better for her; it matters not how I keep her happy so long as she is happy," and with his conscience quieted by this illogical blunder of the end justifying the means, he fell to packing his trunk.

He was turning the key in the lock, when his mother entered.

"John," she said, "you have forgotten something."

"No, mother," he replied thoughtfully, "I am sure I have everything packed."

She held up a little golden medal of Our Lady. "I found this on the mantle piece. Aren't you going to take it?"

"Oh! yes. I had forgotten it," he mumbled rather sheepishly. He took it from her and was unlocking the trunk to put it away, when his mother interrupted him.

"No, do not put it in the trunk; it is such a little thing. You might easily lose it when you are unpacking. I had rather see you wear it about you."

So he plunged it, piqued, into his pocket.

"Now I want you to promise me never to part with it, dear; always to keep it about you."

"I promise," he replied, a little nettled.

The truth is John had not forgotten it. He had deliberately left it on the mantle piece. What would men say if they saw him with such a silly piece of sentimentalism about him!

His mother had pinned it on the lapel of his coat when he had received his First Holy Communion. Before this, his mother's mother had pinned it on her little white dress when she had received Our Lord for the first time. She had always worn it. Never had she taken it off till that day, fifteen years ago, when John was a little boy, and had left the house one bright May morning to receive the Bread of Angels into his young heart. She had told him it was a badge of Our Lady; that if he cherished it the Queen of Angels would take care of him in every danger.

He had cherished it once upon a time and he used to look upon the sweet face on the medal and ask the Madonna to guard him. But now as the years grew on and his love was deadened by the poison he had drunk at the shoe-factory, such things had begun to pall on him; so he cast them aside as unbecoming the seriousness of manhood.

"Now do take care of it, dear," his mother cautioned as she left the room.

He threw himself on a rocker. How miserable he felt. He had deceived his mother twice, her he had never before deceived and that, too, on the very eve he was leaving her, perhaps, forever.

"This is a nice beginning," he thought.

He sat thinking till he heard his mother locking the doors and call out "good-night." He turned out his light and went to bed.

Outside the wind was moaning under the eaves and rattling at the windows. He lay awake far into the night, thinking, thinking and planning out the future. He would come back a rich man and build a big house for his mother. She should have servants, no more cares nor worries; her old days should be passed in peace and quiet. With these bright hopes fluttering before him he fell asleep.

The morning dawned bright and crisp. The sun was shining into his room with all its winter glory, spattering the pictures and walls with blotches of brightest gold. He arose nervous and excited. So this was his last day at home! How fast the memories of the past came crowding upon him. How well he remembered the old days when his dear mother would enter this same room and waken him for school. At bed-time she would sit on his little cot teaching him his night-prayers, then tuck the coverlets about him while she told him stories of God and the angels till he drifted off to dreamland. Was this morning a dream? No; there stood his trunk ready packed. He was going away; going to leave all those sweet, boyish memories behind; going out into a strange world; going to part from the dear old mother he loved, dearer than life itself. The tears welled into his eyes.

"Come, come," he muttered, shaking himself; "this will never do. Every man must leave home some time or other. I'm going for mother's sake."

He came into the kitchen. His mother was standing at the window looking out at the driven snow. He tiptoed to her but she did not hear him. He flung his arms around her to kiss her. As he did so he saw her eyes were red from crying. She tried to hide it from him. He guessed why, but said nothing and sat down to breakfast. Shortly after he looked at his watch; it would soon be train time. He set about getting everything ready. How fondly she embraced him as the tears stood in the eyes of both. What golden advice—the advice that only a mother can give—she showered upon him!

"Only this one thing I tell you, dear, in parting; never be ashamed of your religion. No matter what companions you may meet, cling fast to the truths I taught you when you were a boy. Keep the little golden medal I gave you; it will remind you of that happy day when

our dear Lord came into your heart. If you do this no harm will befall you."

"I promise, mother," and he gulped back a lump in his throat. He did not think parting was so hard, and he hurried away. As he closed the gate he took one lingering look at her standing in the doorway. How sweet she was! He saw the tears gleaming in her eyes. The sun was flashing on her white hair, weaving a halo about her head, and he heard her faintly whispering, "God bless you, John, and bring you safe to me."

He was gone to make his fortune.

II.

Five years had elapsed since John Morrison left home. What a change had come over his life! From the very first he and Jack had struck it lucky, and he gave himself up to the reckless life of a miner. Night after night in the smoky and beer-tainted air of a mining-town saloon he sat at the faro-table, watching with the feverish eyes of a gambler, the run of the cards, or standing at the dingy bar, drinking, drinking, till the floor seemed to be reeling beneath his feet. This was the sort of life he had drifted into.

For two years he had been faithful in writing to his mother. Then as the fascination of the wild life grew upon him, he became remiss. Not that his love for her had cooled, but he had been writing in such a strain as to lead her to believe he was taking good care of himself. In answering him her letters were filled with thanks to God that he had not forgotten the path she had taught him to tread. As each of her letters came he felt more and more how hypocritically he was acting toward her. At one moment he was for giving up the life he was leading and returning to her. At another, when the clutch of his evil habits was on him, he felt that he could never go back to his old life.

"I will give up writing," he thought. "That is the way out of it," and he did.

For a time after, she wrote to him. She did not chide him for not writing. "Perhaps," she wrote, "your time is all taken up with other affairs. But, John, dear, won't you send me a line, at least; only that I may know nothing has befallen you."

"No," he could never tell her the truth. "She will forgive me when I come home a rich man." Then her letters ceased. She had given him up as dead.

III.

John was sitting at the door of his rude log-cabin one evening in May. The sun was just dropping behind the pine-crested hills in a blaze of fire, spreading a sheet of golden-red on the fleecy clouds. A light breeze was stirring the aspen leaves and harsh voiced magpies were chattering, like a restless crowd of school children, in a nearby wood. Over against him on an opposite hill he saw the big gold-mine that was his and Jack's. Day by day he and Jack had worked shoulder to shoulder seeking for the gold that was to make them rich. And now after five long years of toil they owned the largest and richest mine in the camp. He looked with satisfaction at the huge ore-houses; he heard the throbbing of the big air-compressor as it sent the air far down into the mine, and he knew that deep down in the earth there were men loading up the cars that were to fill his pockets with bright, glittering gold. Further down in the gulch he saw the lights twinkling in the town. He knew what was going on. He knew that Jack Carson was there, reeling with drink, bent over the green cloth of a poker table, gambling away the gold he had dug from the earth. He knew, too, that he himself would be there doing the same thing, only tonight there was a memory of other days haunting him.

That opportunity he had longed for had come and he had grasped it. He was now a rich man. He had followed the reasoning of those men in the shoe-factory of five years ago and had cast religion aside in his search for wealth. But the happiness he had thought would follow was far, far away. He had been running after a glittering phantom that, at his touch, vanished into nothing and left a void in his heart. For gold he had sacrificed the happiness and peace of other days, and he knew now gold could never call them back. The hills faded away; the chattering of the magpies was stilled in the breeze; the lights in the town went out and he saw again the quiet cottage at home. He saw her, his mother, just as he had left her standing in the doorway, with the sun flashing on her silvery hair. He heard again her parting words: "God bless you, John, and bring you safe to me." He thought of the little golden medal and a picture of the day of his First Holy Communion floated before him; oh! he was so happy then—and now, and now—the evil deeds he had done marched before him and a voice was whispering in his heart: "You have gold, your fortune is made—but—you are not happy!"

How long he sat there he never knew. When he came to himself his mind was made up. We would quit this life he was leading; he would sell his interest to Jack; he had had enough. It was his religion that had made him happy, those truths he had learned at his mother's knee. Religion was not for women and children and weak-minded old men; it was for the world. He would go back to her and tell her all.

Next morning he told Jack his resolution.

"Jack, I'm going home."

Jack moistened his fevered lips with his tongue and blinked his blood-shot eyes in surprise. "What's up," he stammered in a husky voice, "been drinking again?"

"No. I'm sober for once this week. I'm going home; I have had enough of this mining life, and I've taken to habits that it will take a life-time to be rid of. To be short, I want you to buy my interest. I'm going home to my mother."

"I tell you what," Jack replied, "when you're full you talk like a fool."

"I tell you I'm sober, Jack; it's you that's full. Give me what you think my interest's worth. This life is a hell and I'm going to leave it."

"All right, Johnnie," replied Jack laconically, "if you persist in making an idiot of yourself, Jack Carson is not the boy to put a sprag in your wheel."

"Come, Jack," broke in John, "get serious; what's my interest worth?"

"Do you think a hundred thousand will suit you?"

"Well, it will be worth double that in a few months," said John.

"But," chimed in Jack, with a chuckle, "I'm buying it now."

"All right. Get into your coat and we'll go to town and fix up the papers."

When this was done, John went back to the cabin to get his belongings together. Outside the birds were holding a merry festival and the breath of columbines and wild roses came floating in through the opened door. All nature was dancing in the smiles of May. He took the medal from his pocket.

"Strange!" he murmured, "mother gave me this little medal on a May-day long ago; now it's May again and I'm going back to her. I wonder will she recognize me?"

With such thoughts buzzing through his brain he spent the hours till bed-time. He left the door unlocked for Jack, should he wander

home during the night. No Jack came; he was enjoying the fruits of his labors down town in the saloons.

John arose early. After vainly searching the town for Jack, and bidding "good-bye" to friends, most of whom called him a fool, he boarded an early train for the East. As the train swung around the base of a mountain he caught a last glimpse of the town. "Good-bye, forever," he muttered. "I've had enough."

When he reached his home station he looked about for familiar faces; they were all strange. He had not far to go, so he set out walking. At a street corner a funeral was filing past. He watched it wondering if it were some old friend of his. It was a Catholic funeral, for he recognized the white haired old priest of his own parish. Soon he turned down his own street. Everything seemed as he had left it five years ago. At last he came to his mother's cottage. "Will she be watching out for me?" he thought. A gloom seemed to come upon him as he went up the walk. Even the birds and insects he had heard in the shade trees as he came along the street were hushed. Nothing sounded but the grating of his footsteps on the gravel walk. As he neared the door he wondered why his mother did not run out to greet him. He pulled the knocker. How cold it was and what a lonely sound it gave out. He waited; no answer. "My God," he whispered, "can it be?" He pulled the knocker again. Footsteps were stirring within and the door was suddenly opened. The scent of funeral flowers rushed out upon him. Then he knew. "Is she dead?" he hoarsely whispered to the old woman who had opened the door. "Yes," she answered in a shaky voice, "and if ye be her John, ye have broken her heart."

He turned away as a picture of the funeral flashed before him. The streets were whirling around him and a dull pain was throbbing in his temples. On and on he went, not knowing whither, ever muttering, "I broke her heart, I broke her heart!" Men passed him by and turned to look at him, but he heeded them not. His head seemed to be bursting. He entered a drug store and feebly asked for a drink of seltzer. Mechanically he put his hand into his vest-pocket and drew out the medal, mistaking it for a coin, and handed it to the clerk. The clerk noticed the mistake. "I beg your pardon, sir," he whispered, "this is a medal of Our Lady." At the mention of the medal John seemed to recover for a moment. He took it back and was in the act of placing it to his lips—when something snapped in his

head and he fell to the floor. They lifted him and placed him in a chair. A doctor was called. "It was a hemorrhage of the brain; death was a matter of but a few moments." The clerk who had seen the medal was a Catholic so he telephoned for a priest. When he arrived John was still unconscious. He was taken to a little room at the rear of the drugstore and the priest lingered there waiting for a sign of reason. At last John stirred and slowly opened his eyes.

"Mother," he whispered, "see, I have the medal still." The priest bent down to catch his words. John recognized the Roman-collar, and everything came back to him.

"Father, it was the medal that brought you here?"

"Yes, my son, the clerk judged you were a Catholic from the medal you gave him."

"Then, father, it was Our Lady who brought you to me."

The priest beckoned those in the room to leave. "Now, my child, we are alone, tell me all."

So there in the dim light of a strange room John made his confession, and there, shortly afterwards, his life fluttered out as he faintly murmured, "Mother, see, I have kept my promise. Here is the little medal still. God has brought me safe to you."

J. COLL, C. Ss. R.

HUMILITY

Beneath the glows of proud, red rose,
An humble violet bloomed;
The rose overthrew a shadow blue—
The violet lay entombed.

An angel came with a sword aflame,
He smote the rose to the sod;
Then swift upsped with the violet dead—
Now it blooms in the Hand of God.

R.

III.

John was sitting at the door of his rude log-cabin one evening in May. The sun was just dropping behind the pine-crested hills in a blaze of fire, spreading a sheet of golden-red on the fleecy clouds. A light breeze was stirring the aspen leaves and harsh voiced magpies were chattering, like a restless crowd of school children, in a nearby wood. Over against him on an opposite hill he saw the big gold-mine that was his and Jack's. Day by day he and Jack had worked shoulder to shoulder seeking for the gold that was to make them rich. And now after five long years of toil they owned the largest and richest mine in the camp. He looked with satisfaction at the huge ore-houses; he heard the throbbing of the big air-compressor as it sent the air far down into the mine, and he knew that deep down in the earth there were men loading up the cars that were to fill his pockets with bright, glittering gold. Further down in the gulch he saw the lights twinkling in the town. He knew what was going on. He knew that Jack Carson was there, reeling with drink, bent over the green cloth of a poker table, gambling away the gold he had dug from the earth. He knew, too, that he himself would be there doing the same thing, only tonight there was a memory of other days haunting him.

That opportunity he had longed for had come and he had grasped it. He was now a rich man. He had followed the reasoning of those men in the shoe-factory of five years ago and had cast religion aside in his search for wealth. But the happiness he had thought would follow was far, far away. He had been running after a glittering phantom that, at his touch, vanished into nothing and left a void in his heart. For gold he had sacrificed the happiness and peace of other days, and he knew now gold could never call them back. The hills faded away; the chattering of the magpies was stilled in the breeze; the lights in the town went out and he saw again the quiet cottage at home. He saw her, his mother, just as he had left her standing in the doorway, with the sun flashing on her silvery hair. He heard again her parting words: "God bless you, John, and bring you safe to me." He thought of the little golden medal and a picture of the day of his First Holy Communion floated before him; oh! he was so happy then—and now, and now—the evil deeds he had done marched before him and a voice was whispering in his heart: "You have gold, your fortune is made—but—you are not happy!"

How long he sat there he never knew. When he came to himself his mind was made up. We would quit this life he was leading; he would sell his interest to Jack; he had had enough. It was his religion that had made him happy, those truths he had learned at his mother's knee. Religion was not for women and children and weak-minded old men; it was for the world. He would go back to her and tell her all.

Next morning he told Jack his resolution.

"Jack, I'm going home."

Jack moistened his fevered lips with his tongue and blinked his blood-shot eyes in surprise. "What's up," he stammered in a husky voice, "been drinking again?"

"No. I'm sober for once this week. I'm going home; I have had enough of this mining life, and I've taken to habits that it will take a life-time to be rid of. To be short, I want you to buy my interest. I'm going home to my mother."

"I tell you what," Jack replied, "when you're full you talk like a fool."

"I tell you I'm sober, Jack; it's you that's full. Give me what you think my interest's worth. This life is a hell and I'm going to leave it."

"All right, Johnnie," replied Jack laconically, "if you persist in making an idiot of yourself, Jack Carson is not the boy to put a sprag in your wheel."

"Come, Jack," broke in John, "get serious; what's my interest worth?"

"Do you think a hundred thousand will suit you?"

"Well, it will be worth double that in a few months," said John.

"But," chimed in Jack, with a chuckle, "I'm buying it now."

"All right. Get into your coat and we'll go to town and fix up the papers."

When this was done, John went back to the cabin to get his belongings together. Outside the birds were holding a merry festival and the breath of columbines and wild roses came floating in through the opened door. All nature was dancing in the smiles of May. He took the medal from his pocket.

"Strange!" he murmured, "mother gave me this little medal on a May-day long ago; now it's May again and I'm going back to her. I wonder will she recognize me?"

With such thoughts buzzing through his brain he spent the hours till bed-time. He left the door unlocked for Jack, should he wander

home during the night. No Jack came; he was enjoying the fruits of his labors down town in the saloons.

John arose early. After vainly searching the town for Jack, and bidding "good-bye" to friends, most of whom called him a fool, he boarded an early train for the East. As the train swung around the base of a mountain he caught a last glimpse of the town. "Good-bye, forever," he muttered. "I've had enough."

When he reached his home station he looked about for familiar faces; they were all strange. He had not far to go, so he set out walking. At a street corner a funeral was filing past. He watched it wondering if it were some old friend of his. It was a Catholic funeral, for he recognized the white haired old priest of his own parish. Soon he turned down his own street. Everything seemed as he had left it five years ago. At last he came to his mother's cottage. "Will she be watching out for me?" he thought. A gloom seemed to come upon him as he went up the walk. Even the birds and insects he had heard in the shade trees as he came along the street were hushed. Nothing sounded but the grating of his footsteps on the gravel walk. As he neared the door he wondered why his mother did not run out to greet him. He pulled the knocker. How cold it was and what a lonely sound it gave out. He waited; no answer. "My God," he whispered, "can it be?" He pulled the knocker again. Footsteps were stirring within and the door was suddenly opened. The scent of funeral flowers rushed out upon him. Then he knew. "Is she dead?" he hoarsely whispered to the old woman who had opened the door. "Yes," she answered in a shaky voice, "and if ye be her John, ye have broken her heart."

He turned away as a picture of the funeral flashed before him. The streets were whirling around him and a dull pain was throbbing in his temples. On and on he went, not knowing whither, ever muttering, "I broke her heart, I broke her heart!" Men passed him by and turned to look at him, but he heeded them not. His head seemed to be bursting. He entered a drug store and feebly asked for a drink of seltzer. Mechanically he put his hand into his vest-pocket and drew out the medal, mistaking it for a coin, and handed it to the clerk. The clerk noticed the mistake. "I beg your pardon, sir," he whispered, "this is a medal of Our Lady." At the mention of the medal John seemed to recover for a moment. He took it back and was in the act of placing it to his lips—when something snapped in his

head and he fell to the floor. They lifted him and placed him in a chair. A doctor was called. "It was a hemorrhage of the brain; death was a matter of but a few moments." The clerk who had seen the medal was a Catholic so he telephoned for a priest. When he arrived John was still unconscious. He was taken to a little room at the rear of the drugstore and the priest lingered there waiting for a sign of reason. At last John stirred and slowly opened his eyes.

"Mother," he whispered, "see, I have the medal still." The priest bent down to catch his words. John recognized the Roman-collar, and everything came back to him.

"Father, it was the medal that brought you here?"

"Yes, my son, the clerk judged you were a Catholic from the medal you gave him."

"Then, father, it was Our Lady who brought you to me."

The priest beckoned those in the room to leave. "Now, my child, we are alone, tell me all."

So there in the dim light of a strange room John made his confession, and there, shortly afterwards, his life fluttered out as he faintly murmured, "Mother, see, I have kept my promise. Here is the little medal still. God has brought me safe to you."

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HUMILITY

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R.

=====	Catholic Anecdotes	=====
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A LESSON IN THE INSTINCTS OF MOTHERHOOD

Some time ago the daily papers related the following occurrence: A dark and threatening winter day two women might have been seen walking swiftly across the Dakota prairie. They lacked the beauty and refinement of their "paleface" sisters, for they belonged to the wild red race, and centuries of savagery had left their traces upon face and form. But they had one quality that ennobled—almost sanctified them in the eyes of all honest men—they were *mothers*. Each carried her swarthy little babe, her greatest treasure upon earth.

Suddenly the wind changed, the blinding snow cut their faces, and the cold became intense. To the children of the prairie these signs were clearer than a printed page—they were face to face with death in the form of a western blizzard. They pressed their infants to their breasts to shield them from the cold, and struggled on. Soon they felt the fatal weakness brought on by cold and fatigue, and they knew that the struggle was ended. Then they performed a noble deed that only a mother's heart could prompt. They stripped off the clothing from their own shivering bodies, and wrapped it about their babes; then clasping the little ones in a last embrace, they sank down in the snow, and died.

The day after the storm the entire village turned out to search for the missing "squaws". They came upon a cluster of black hair protruding from the snow. And beneath were the bodies of two women, each clasping a bundle of clothing in her frozen arms. They unrolled the bundles and found the two "Papooses" still alive and well. The Mothers' sacrifice had not been in vain.

These were only rough uncouth "squaws," but many a refined white wife, with her childless home, or her *one* petted and pampered child, could kneel beside their grave, and make a salutary meditation on the inborn instincts of motherhood.

A HEROINE'S DEVOTION

Literature swarms with the wildest creations of fancy. Such heroines—alas, what shabby beings of pasteboard, tinsel, and worse! But there are heroines of God's own creation, that sometimes tread the

actual scenes of history, before which these ages must bow in silent awe. Such was Joan of Arc. Some may wonder as to the secret of her strength. Here is an incident. She was leading her troops upon Orleans. As they bivouac at night, she bids her soldiers go to confession, "for God sometimes allows the loss of a battle, to punish the sins of men". The city is taken by storm. Now the powerful fortifications of the Tourelles yet remain in the hands of the English and constitute a menace to the safety of the French. The assault is fixed for the seventh of May. Early that morning Joan has a Mass said, at which she assists, and receives Holy Communion. Then sounds for the charge. All day long the contest rages fiercely. Next day the English forces are seen in complete retreat. The place is won. "What shall we do now?" the troopers ask of the heroine. "Let us hear Mass," was the significant reply. Soon a field-altar is raised, and the heroine is wrapt in prayer before her Saviour.

Even the quiet home-life bristles with little trials, and victory rest only with the heroine.

THE FLUTE PLAYER

One day a flute-player had discoursed varied music at a wedding-banquet. The guests were delighted, and showed their appreciation by the generous gifts which they bestowed on him. His way led through a forest. As he was gleefully thinking of the successes of the day, he suddenly awoke to the alarming fact that he was being pursued by a wolf. He cast about for some means of escape. With sincere regret he drops a huge shoulder of venison, part of his earnings. This scarcely detains the brute a moment. He drops another dainty morsel, and another. Soon he realizes that all his hard-earned gains are lost, and the snarling pursuer is on his trail. What could he do now? Pale, trembling, exhausted, beside himself with terror, he seizes his instrument and blows on it with all his power of breath and lung. Lo and behold, the wolf wheels about and scurries away into the woods. Scarcely believing his eyes the poor flute-player gasps: "Oh, had I known that sooner, I would not have lost all my precious earnings." Poor mortals, we! We, too, set out upon the journey of life, laden with all the treasures of grace that God has lavished on us at Baptism. Hardly are we well on our way when to our dismay we notice that the Wolf of Hell is in hot pursuit. One by one we cast away all the

priceless treasures of grace, all the gems of splendid virtue. Still the hungry fiend presses upon us. At last in sheer distress we fall on our knees and whisper a prayer. The wolf is gone. Had we tried the power of a little prayer in moments of temptation, we would not have wasted our innocence, blighted our lives, brought the curse of God upon our souls.

A CATHOLIC EVEN AWAY FROM HOME

Alphonsus Van Bierfliet, Belgian Consul to China, visited our monastery, and told us many interesting things about China. He was only twenty-three years of age when he received his appointment. On his arrival at the Chinese capitol, he found many of his Belgian countrymen, wealthy, and moving in the highest circles. But unfortunately all, without a single exception, neglected their religious duties. Though many of them belonged to good Catholic families and had lived up to their holy Faith in Belgium, they had not the manliness and firmness necessary to resist bad example, and when they fell in with these young libertines who scoffed at religion they followed the lead and soon became as bad as the rest.

They gave young Van Bierfliet a warm welcome, and when he asked about Mass on Sunday, they said with fatherly kindness, "Put that idea out of your head, Van Bierfliet, we don't do that here." "I am going to do precisely the same here as I did at home," said Van Bierfliet. They smiled and remarked that the enthusiastic young man would soon fall in line.

But Van Bierfliet kept his word, and his faithful attendance at Mass and Vespers soon became so much a matter of course that when the church-bell rang, they themselves would say, "There is the bell, Van Bierfliet, you have to go. After the services we shall be waiting for you at such a place." Indeed many of them gave him their confidences in private, and told him how miserable they were, and how they longed to be like him.

He, however, did not court unnecessary danger, but restricted his companionship with this fast set to what courtesy strictly required. He spent most of his free time with the missionaries. When they arrived, strangers in the country, he would go on board the ship to meet them, take them in charge, and help them to learn the language and customs of the country. They can never cease thanking him for his kindness, and above all for the good example he gave the Chinese. For the mis-

sionaries all have learned from bitter experience that the greatest obstacle to the conversion of the Chinese is the bad example of the European and American Christians.

His vacations he spent in Catholic villages far out in the interior. There he was happy, for he declares that every person in these villages is a model Catholic; and, once they learned to know him, they proved friends as true as steel. In fact he maintains that there is every human proof to show that in many of these Catholic villages not a single mortal sin is committed during the entire year.

Every night the whole village assembles in the rude chapel to say night prayers together. When the priest was absent, they would ask Van Bierfiet to lead. He found that they took eagerly to the devotion to the Blessed Virgin (for whom all these Chinese Catholics have a tender love) under the title of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. The Oriental style of the picture, which was painted in Asia, is more or less similar to Chinese art. He had large numbers of these pictures painted in Rome and touched to the miraculous image there, and then he distributed them among the Catholic villages, to the intense joy of the natives.

Both he and these good villagers wept bitterly when he was obliged to leave. And now that he has the far higher position of Consul to England, he dares not allow his thoughts to rest long on his dear Chinese; for should he do so he would become so lonely that he would be well-nigh forced to relinquish his office and return to China.

THE PRIEST-HATER

Here in America it is difficult for us to realize the bitter priest-hatred that exists in Masonic circles in Europe. These men as a rule abhor the very sight of a priest, and they lose no opportunity of converting others to their views. The Paris Express was just pulling out of the Grand Station of Lyons, when a gray-haired priest in his worn cassock and broad-brimmed clerical hat passed slowly down an adjoining street. One of the passengers, a Paris banker, espied him. It was the one sight that never failed to arouse his fanatical hatred. He must have some vent for his wrath. There was only one other passenger with him, a quiet-looking man seated on the opposite seat of the compartment. (The European railway coaches are divided into rooms or compartments capable of accommodating six or eight persons, and each compartment can be shut off entirely from the rest of the coach.) The

banker turned to his solitary companion and said: "Look at that accursed priest, that bloated hypocrite, who lives in idleness on the earnings of others. When shall we reach that stage of civilization when we shall wipe out entirely that superstition-breeding race? The priest is the one absolutely worthless thing on the face of the earth. Mankind derives benefit from everything else. We derive some benefits from the most ignorant laborer that digs the ditches for our sewers; we derive some benefit from the lowest beasts of the field; but tell me, did any one ever derive any benefit from the priest?"

The quiet-looking man on the opposite seat of the compartment said nothing, and the banker, after thus relieving his mind, took out a gold-finished cigar-case, lighted a Havana, and settled down comfortably to study the stock-market in the evening paper. As night drew on, the officials passed through, collected the tickets, and turned on the lights. The Express thundered on,—it would be a good half-hour before the next stop. Suddenly the banker realized that the quiet-looking man seated on the opposite side of the compartment had risen and was standing over him with a short iron bar, ready to strike.

"If you dare to move a muscle," he said in a low firm tone, "I'll crush your skull."

"My good man," said the banker, regaining self-possession, "do not act rashly. You can surely gain nothing by taking my life; for before we reach the next station your crime would be discovered, and you would be in the clutches of the law".

"I can hurl your dead body from the door of this compartment, and you will not be missed before we reach Paris, and perhaps not even then."

"But what will you gain?" urged the banker, "If you mean to rob me, I have not more than one hundred francs with me, and you cannot risk committing murder for that."

"You lie," said the man.

"I could take an oath to it," said the banker. "Take my purse, and you will see that I speak the truth."

"Yes," laughed the man bitterly, "and give you a chance to summon the train-officials. You could take an oath that you speak the truth! What is an oath to you? Did I not follow you when you went to the International Bank of Lyons? Did I not see you draw one hundred thousand francs and place them in that satchel? Did I not plan to kill you here, and toss your body out of this door, and then jump from the

train while it is climbing the grade a little further on? When I laid my plans, I knew that it was a heinous crime. But I was desperate. I had tried to earn a living for myself and my family by honest means, but you and men of your kind have ground us down until it is impossible for us to live. That is why I made up my mind to murder you tonight and seize your ill-gotten gold."

There was an ominous pause, and the banker opened his lips to offer one more whining plea for mercy before the fatal blow.

"Coward, calm your fears," said the man as he lowered the threatening weapon, and receded to the opposite side of the compartment, "though, when I boarded this train, I was fully determined to take your life. I have since changed my mind, and now I will not harm so much as a hair of your head. Do you wish to know what saved you? Was is your lying or your pleading? No, they would have only angered me the more. What saved you? Listen and I shall tell you: When we were pulling out of the Grand Station of Lyons, I saw a gray-haired man passing slowly down an adjoining street. Though it was more than twenty years since I had seen him, I recognized him at a glance. It was the Pastor of my native parish,—the man who had instilled into my child-mind all the principles of honor and virtue that I had ever possessed,—the man who had taught me those supernatural truths that had prevented my life of labor and suffering from being more miserable than that of a brute. I remembered how often he had told us that we are continually in the presence of an all-seeing God, that that God is a just Judge to punish every crime, that that God is also a loving Father, and every misfortune that befalls us is but a gift from that loving Father's hand to help us on our way to Him in heaven. These lessons of the old Priest came back to me so vividly that the prayers he taught me rose involuntarily to my lips. And then God gave me the grace to keep my hands free from crime, and to cast myself and my starving family on His fatherly care. You, who fatten on the life-blood of the poor, you mocked at that gray-haired Priest in his worn cassock, who has spent himself and all he has for others. You mocked at him and said: 'Has anyone ever derived any benefit from the Priest?' I answer, 'yes; you, yourself, have derived benefit from him. If you have escaped murder and robbery this night, you owe it to the Priest.'"

The train had slowed down as it neared the top of the heavy grade. The man threw open the door of the compartment, and sprang out into the night leaving the priest-hater with salutary food for reflection for the remainder of his journey.

	Pointed Paragraphs	
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ONLY FATHER

Mary went to answer the door-bell. Mother and the girls knew from what they heard that the visitor was a gentleman and that he was coming into the room. A little wave of excitement swept over the place while he was taking off his overcoat in the hall, as they hurriedly set the furniture in order, laid aside their soiled aprons, adjusted the blinds, and tried to give the room a neat and tidy air. But suddenly one of the girls recognized the man's voice, and cried: "It's only father." At once all preparations ceased, and all sank back into their listless attitudes, and when father presently entered, he found them as usual with neglected toilets and in a littered, disordered room. "It's only father," and so they take no trouble to welcome him. "It's only father," and so the house need not be bright or cheerful when he comes. "It's only father," and so they do less for him who built and supports the home, than they would for the veriest stranger who would happen to enter that home. And then they wonder why father gradually tires of the family fireside, and spends his evenings elsewhere.

DARE I LOOK AT THE SACRED HOST?

When the Sacred Host is elevated during Holy Mass, or Benediction, we can, if we wish, bow down and strike our breast. This would be an act of *adoration*, and it would please our Lord. But there is something that Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament desires more than adoration, and that is *love*. And it is more in accordance with love to raise our eyes and gaze tenderly upon the Sacred Host, where we see the veil behind which our God and our All is hidden. Pope Pius X., the Pope of the Blessed Sacrament, whose greatest desire is to bring us nearer and nearer, in childlike confidence, to this Mystery of love, wishes to encourage us to repeat this act of affection. And for this reason he has granted a rich indulgence to all the faithful who raise their eyes to the consecrated Host, and say: My Lord and My God. The indulgence granted is seven years and seven times forty days for each time, and a plenary indulgence once a week, under the usual conditions, for those who do it daily.

ONE IN TEN THOUSAND

St. Catherine of Bologna was able to say while lying on her death-bed, that, whatever other faults she may have committed, she had never knowingly thought or spoken ill of any one.

AM I AMONG THE SAVED?

Why do I fear? Should we not rather thank God, who so mercifully inspires that fear? It is so easy to become altogether careless. But there is no reason to despond. Thomas a Kempis, in the Imitation of Christ, narrates the following: "A certain man oft tossed about in hope and fear, once entered a church. Being overwhelmed with gloomy thoughts, he cast himself upon his knees before the altar and moaned: 'oh, if I only were sure to persevere!' Instantly he heard a wonderful voice within him answer: 'and if thou didst know this, what wouldst thou do? Do now as thou wouldst do, if sure to persevere, and rest content.' That moment he rose consoled, comforted, committed himself unreservedly to God's sweet Will, and all harrowing anguish ceased." (Book I, Ch. 25, Paragraph 2.)

A PICTURE FOR ANGELS

A picture for angels, is a family gathered round the table, reverent in prayer. Prayer ever elevates from earth to heaven; brings God into our minds as the sunbeam sparkles in the gem; brings God into our hearts with peace profound. Then parents, what Holier Guest could you wish for the minds and hearts of your children? Tell me with whom your children associate, and I will tell you what they are. Has God become the daily associate of your family by daily prayers—you guess the inference. Do you sometimes envy the disciples of Emmaus for the Companion with them? But they were all unconscious of His presence, while the family gathered in prayer is quite conscious that God is with them. See your little child with angelic innocence on its

brow, its eye so earnest, its hands so devoutly clasped; ah, God is near. Why even the boy just rushing home from school, forgets his pranks awhile, an unseen spirit rests on him a moment. Then parents, you too appear in all your sacred dignity. When all are praying: "Our Father, who art in heaven," then child and father feel that fatherhood is shared with God. When they add the Hail Mary and address her as Holy Mother, then each anxious mother feels that she is not alone, but another Mother in heaven is ready to lighten her burden. "Where two are gathered together in my name, there I am in the midst of them." Then sit down to table happily, contentedly, for you are not alone. There is another with you to watch over you and bless you. Happy family!

THE EYE OF GOD

"The Catholic feels that the eye of God is upon him. He is told *that* every time the Catholic Church warns him to prepare for confession. He is told *that* every time his eyes, wandering through the church, rest upon the confessional. He is told *that* every time he sees the priest, with his stole, standing there, and the penitent going in with tearful eyes, and coming forth beaming with joy. He is told this in a thousand ways.—The consequence is, he is made to believe he is responsible to Almighty God; and therefore this obligation, creating a sense of responsibility, rouses and excites a watchfulness of his own conscience."

FATHER THOMAS BURKE.

FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE

"I take thee for my lawful wife (husband), to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death do us part." Such was your solemn vow before God's altar on your marriage day. And now because your partner is "worse," is "poorer" than you had hoped; because your partner is in "sickness," your love has grown cold. Can you say that you are faithful to your vow?

THANKS BE TO GOD

When they accidentally bruise or tear their flesh, overturn or break a vessel, or mislay an implement, heathens break out into expressions of impatience or of blasphemy, Christians say: "Thanks be to God." Have we been behaving like a heathen or like a Christian.

"JUDGE NOT AND YOU SHALL NOT BE JUDGED"

Luke, VI. 37.

These are the words of Jesus Christ. When you stand before His judgment to hear your eternal doom, how happy you will be that you have always driven from your mind rash judgments—false suspicions of your friends, your husband, your wife, your pastor.

THE WAY OF THE CROSS, THE WAY TO HEAVEN

It is hard to think that you must toil so much and be so poor—that you must be tormented with this incurable disease—that you must see your life blasted by this great disappointment—that you must see your best-loved one carried off by death. All this is hard. But, O! the day will come when you will thank your God that He sent you this mark of His love. We are never so dear to the Heart of Jesus as when we are suffering with patience; we are never so much like Him as when walking in His blood-stained foot-prints on the way of the cross.

THEY USE THE CHURCH FOR ADVERTISING

In Rome, the Masonic city government has seized upon the exterior walls of the churches for advertising purposes. It is a severe shock to the religious sensibilities of an American Catholic the first time he sees one of these venerable Roman churches covered with flaming advertisements of theaters and races. But I sometimes think that a certain species of church-advertising, that takes place here in our midst, is even more repulsive. I refer to those persons who designedly come late to Mass, and sweep majestically up the aisle long after services have begun to advertise their stylish, and, perhaps, not over-modest gown.

	Catholic Events	
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The closing of the scholastic year 1912-13 at St. Joseph's College, Kirkwood, Mo., was marked by a series of brilliant examinations. All the students made excellent showings, but the seven highest deserve special mention. We publish them in "The Liguorian" as the Roll of Honor for June, 1913. Each of the seven received a valuable premium.

The following are the successful prize winners:

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| 1st Prize—Arthur Froehlich, class '16, St. Alphonsus' (Rock) Church,
St. Louis, Mo..... | Gen. Aver., 100.00 |
| 2nd Prize—Maurice Zeller, class '15, St. Michael's Church, Chicago,
Ill. | Gen. Aver., 99.29 |
| 3rd Prize—Harold Ellsworth, class '17, Holy Ghost Church, Chicago,
Ill. | Gen. Aver., 99.15 |
| 4th Prize—Anthony Huber, class '17, St. Alphonsus' Church, Chicago,
Ill. | Gen. Aver., 99.00 |
| 5th Prize—Edward Mangan, class '18, Lady of Perpetual Help, Kan-
sas City, Mo..... | Gen. Aver., 98.86 |
| 6th Prize—Leo Sheridan, class '18, St. Joseph's Church, Denver, Colo.
..... | Gen. Aver., 98.43 |
| 7th Prize—Walter Krickl, class '14, St. Alphonsus' Church, Chicago,
Ill. | Gen. Aver., 98.38 |

The year now opening, Sept. 1, promises to be most successful. The College is this year celebrating its silver jubilee, having been founded in 1888. There is an enrollment of about 110 students, the largest in the history of St. Joseph's. Considerable alterations had to be made during the summer vacation to accommodate this increased number.

The students attending St. Joseph's College study exclusively to become priests in the Redemptorist Congregation, the special object of which is the giving of missions.

The Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer is now some hundred and eighty years' old, having been founded by St. Alphonsus Liguori at Scala, Italy, November 9th, 1732. The purpose was to reach the most abandoned souls and give them the benefits of religion. To this primary purpose the Congregation has faithfully adhered.

To prepare students for this noble, self-sacrificing work is the sole object of St. Joseph's College. Students seeking admission must have

finished with credit the eighth grade grammar course. They must have certificates of good health, and also good recommendations from their Rev. Pastor or Confessor.

Beside priests, there are in the Congregation lay-brothers, who look after the temporal affairs of the house. Many men feel that they have not the talents necessary to become priests, and yet wish to serve God in a more perfect manner than they can in the world. They would like to enjoy the spiritual advantages of the religious life, and ensure their eternal salvation. For such the life of a lay-brother is eminently suited. They assist the priests and indirectly help in the grand work of saving souls. Their occupations are cooking, farming, office-work, sacristan, etc.

There is no doubt that God has bestowed vocations on a sufficient number of young men and women in this country to supply the needs of his Church, as well as to give greater honor to his name. Unfortunately, the spirit of worldliness, the spirit of pleasure, and of selfishness have become so strong that many will not heed the voice of conscience pointing out their true vocation. This is a serious mistake; it is the source of much of the unhappiness existing in the world, and it may even be the cause of such a person's eternal loss. Certain it is, their life will be a failure; they will always feel that they are misfits; out of joint with their surroundings.

On the other hand, a whole-souled submission to God's call will not only bring peace and happiness in this life but will be a sign of predestination, a pledge of eternal happiness in heaven. "Behold, I stand at the gate and knock. . . . My child, give Me thy heart. . . . Today, if you shall hear His voice, harden not your heart."

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Towards the end of June and again in the early part of July, the annual ordinations were held at Oconomowoc, in the Redemptorist college, the home of "The Liguorian". On the twenty-ninth of June, James Coll, Adam Elenz, and Henry Oenning received at the hands of Archbishop Messmer, D. D., the Tonsure, and the four Minor Orders, preparatory to the Priesthood. These four Orders are called the Order of Ostiary, of Lector, of Exorcist, and of Acolyte.

On the sixth of July five other Redemptorist students were raised to holy Priesthood. They are Aloysius Reimbold, of Keokuk, Iowa, John Britz and Aloysius Liebl, of St. Michael's church, Chicago, George Sunday, of Holy Redeemer parish, Detroit, and Philip Kvasnica, of St. Alphonsus parish, Chicago.

These five young men, after a successful classical course in the Redemptorist college in Kirkwood, Mo., and one year's novitiate in Kansas City, Mo., took their perpetual vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, as Redemptorists. They then studied philosophy and kindred branches for two years, and theology and kindred branches for three years. They will remain in Oconomowoc for one more year of theology, after which they will make a second novitiate of six months, and then they will go out into the mission field, fully equipped to continue the work of St. Alphonsus for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

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The overthrow of the government of Diaz in Mexico two years ago was to most people a decided shock and surprise. Exteriorly all was peaceful in the country; commerce never was in a better state; the government never seemed firmer; in fact, Mexico under the rule of Diaz seemed to be living down the unenviable reputation of the land of revolutions. Hence we are not surprised at the multiplicity and variety of explanations aiming to account for the wave of social upheaval, which for the last two years has swept over that unhappy country. We shall mention but a few of these explanations. The believer in racial differences ascribes the revolution to the natural fickleness of the warm-blooded Mexican; the religious-minded points to Mexico as an example of what ambition like to Madero's is capable of producing; the politician loudly proclaims, that old age is the offender; for says he, old age robbed Diaz of his administrative talent. But neither Mexican fickleness, nor Madero's ambition, nor decrepit old age seem sufficient to account for this sudden outburst of lawlessness. These are indeed causes, but they are only partial causes. The root of the evil a Mexican writer in the "America" has exposed. He says that the state of revolution into which Mexico has fallen, is the natural growth of the seed sown for the last fifty years by the Liberal Party. This party has excluded God from the school; it has placed numberless difficulties in the way of the priest working for souls; it has done all in its power to drive from the Mexican republic the faith of a Catholic nation in its God. Nor were the twenty-five years of the rule of Diaz an exception to the policy of the Liberal Party. Exteriorly indeed, Diaz paraded as an enlightened, impartial statesman, but secretly he and his brethren of the Grand Lodge did all in their power to lessen in Mexico the influence of the Church of God. The present condition of Mexico is, therefore, to a far-seeing historian, no surprise. Schools without religion, without God, naturally and necessarily produce revolutionists.

	The Liguorian Question Box	
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(Address all Questions to Rev. P. Geiermann, C. Ss. R., Oconomowoc, Wis.)

Though I have lived here for some time I have not been introduced to our pastor. As he is a nice man I would like to make his acquaintance. Will you kindly tell me what to do?

Call on him during his office hours or at his leisure and get acquainted. You need no more formal introduction to your spiritual father than you do to your earthly parents. The correct thing for Catholics when moving into a parish is to call on the pastor and have their names entered on the parish register. It is likewise their duty to contribute to the support of religion by renting a pew in the parish church and to send their children to the Catholic school. Exemplary Catholics will also see to it that the members of their family will join the sodalities established in the parish and otherwise second the efforts of the pastor for the common good. When moving from one parish to another it is likewise proper to inform the pastor and to obtain a note of introduction to the pastor of the parish in which they intend to reside.

My neighbor does not believe in God; can he be sincere?

There are many persons in our day who received a godless education in their youth and never had the opportunity to study religion later on. They are simply ignorant and to be pitied and helped. Your neighbor probably belongs to this class. Give him a catechism to study and exhort him to pray.

To deny that this physical world was made by God is so ridiculous that only "the fool says in his heart there is no God." (Ps. 52, 10.)

I feel called to the convent and long to enter a certain community to which my older sister objects. What shall I do?

If you have no obligations that keep you in the world pay no attention to your sister's objections, and, with the consent of your confessor, apply for admission as soon as possible.

How does the Spirit of God give testimony to our spirits, that we are the children of God?

By producing in us the twelve fruits of the Holy Ghost. These are: "Charity, joy, peace, patience, benignity, goodness, longanimity, mildness, faith, modesty, continency, charity." (Gal. 5, 22.)

Do I satisfy the obligation of hearing Mass when I happen to come late if I make up for it by assisting at as much of the next Mass as I missed of the first?

Provided you were present at the first Mass from the Consecration inclusive to the end, you satisfied the obligation of hearing Mass, if you remain for as much of the second Mass as you missed of the first. However, if circumstances permit your piety should induce you to remain for the entire second Mass.

I am engaged to a non-Catholic who is willing to turn. I prefer he should wait till we are married as he would then be more sincere but my mother opposes my plan. What do you think?

I think you are a worldly-minded, foolish girl that ought to thank God for giving you a Catholic mother. If you were not worldly-minded you would have insisted on the young man becoming a Catholic before you consented to receive his regular attention. If you were not foolish you would not court the curse of a mixed marriage and jeopardize your eternal salvation as well as that of your prospective husband for the sake of an early marriage.

How can you expect God's blessing to be with you in after life if you neglect to invoke His aid and refuse to obey His law at this critical period? How can you expect your husband to be more sincere later on if now you lower yourself in his estimation and force him to be insincere by your own insincerity? I advise you to introduce the young man to your pastor as soon as possible and to see to it that he prays and receives a course of relig-

ious instruction. If he joins the Church and you eventually marry him, consider it your duty for life to encourage him especially by your devotedness to live a model Catholic life. By acting in this way you will not be tempting God but may reasonably expect His protection and blessing.

Our grocer denies that man has a free will: how can I enlighten him?

When a man is so ignorant and conceited that he will deny a truth evident in daily life he is not open to conviction on speculative grounds. You may teach him a lesson by omitting to pay his bills till he freely insists on a settlement.

What is the use of praying when God has decreed from eternity whatever is to happen in our daily lives?

God has decreed to bestow His blessing on all His creatures and to co-operate in the sanctification of all of good will. If you sanctify your daily life by prayer and good works, God has foreseen your good will and decreed from all eternity to co-operate with your good will and to conduct you to an exalted place in heaven. You should therefore pray because you need God's help to go to heaven, because you have a free will which God respects to the extent that He will not force you into heaven. He gives us His grace in proportion as we submit our lives to the influence of His grace by humble persevering prayer. You should pray be-

cause Jesus commands it and has pledged Himself to hear your prayer, and because He and His Church give you the example.

I believe in religion and go to church, but I object to the pastor giving Communion to my baby and to my wife going to church every day.

The Savior tells us in one of His parables that religion is the leaven that transforms us from carnal men into spiritual children of God. The lowest grade of the spiritual life is defined by the Decalogue and the Precepts, the perfection by the Beatitudes. All who strive after Christian ideals must cultivate a personal union with Jesus Christ. This your wife is doing and teaching your child for you do not accuse her of neglecting her home duties.

If we love God and appreciate His blessings we shall find no more efficacious means of triumphing over the flesh, the world and the devil than daily Mass and Holy Communion. The divine obligation of receiving Holy Communion binds a child when it comes to the use of reason. Holy Church commands pastor and parents under pain of mortal sin to see to it that the children receive Holy Communion as soon as they can distinguish the Blessed Sacrament from ordinary bread. In admitting your "baby" to Holy Communion your pastor and your wife did only what the Church commands and practices.

Acts of contrition, humility, and divine love will expiate and remedy a hundred daily falls.

—*St. Alphonsus Liguori.*

Repeat frequently: "My God, I ask for nothing, and desire nothing but Thy holy will."

—*St. Alphonsus Liguori.*

Make every sacrifice except that of your soul in order to promote charity.

—*St. Alphonsus Liguori.*

Rejoice, therefore, young man, in thy growth, and let thy heart be in that which is good in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thy eyes; and know that for all these God will bring thee into judgment. Eccles. XI, 9.

	Some Good Books	
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"Thirty Ways of Hearing Mass," is a collection of various forms of Mass service which have been more than ordinarily popular. It contains the form of service of early times found in the Apostolic Constitutions, the method of hearing Mass in the Middle Ages, the Mass Prayers of the persecuted in penal times, etc. The book is compiled by Rev. Geo. Stebbing, Superior of the English Redemptorist Fathers at Windhill. It is published by B. Herder. Price 75 cents.

"Happiness and Beauty," is another felicitous apologetic by the Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan, D. D. It does not strive at depth of thought but rather aims at being helpful in impressing upon the heart its need of Heaven. The volume well merits a place beside the Rt. Rev. Author's other works: "Thoughts for all Times," and "Faith and Folly." "Happiness and Beauty" is published by Longmans, Green & Co. Price 60 cents.

Luther, by Rev. H. Grisar, S. J., is now being translated into English. The first volume under the editorship of L. Cappadelta has been given us by E. M. Lamond. This is unquestionably the fullest and fairest presentation of Luther and is indispensable to those who wish to know the exact facts in regard to the German Reformer. It is published by B. Herder. Price \$3.25.

Marie St. S. Ellerker has added to our books for the young two very useful volumes. *"A Wreath of Feasts"* is an explanation of the principal feasts interwoven with stories and anecdotes such as will make it appeal to the "little ones." *"Behold the Lamb"* is a book about Holy Mass. At the end of each chapter a story is given which will excite in the reader a greater love for our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. These books are published by Benziger Bros. Price 38 cents each.

"Confessions of a Convert." In this interesting book which has caused such

a stir in England, Father Robert Hugh Benson, the son of an Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury, tells us in his own strong and beautiful language the story of his conversion to the Catholic Church. It is just the book to put into the hands of an inquiring non-Catholic friend. It is published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York. Price \$1.20.

"Come Rack! Come Rope!" by Father Robert Hugh Benson. Though this story is as full of thrilling interest as any novel, yet it is founded on fact. The chief characters really lived and acted as here described. The events are nothing else than a vivid picture of the persecution of Catholics under Queen Elizabeth. Catholics will lay down this book filled with new courage to work and suffer for their holy faith. Published by P. J. Kenedy & Son, or Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. Price \$1.48 Postpaid.

"Two and Two Make Four." This book is written by Bird S. Coler, a non-Catholic. He writes to down many of the lies told against the Catholic Church. He proves their falsity as clearly as two and two make four. If a non-Catholic devotes so much labor and study to write such a book, should not we Catholics at least read it? It will help us to answer the objections made against our holy faith. Published by Frank D. Beatty & Co., 393-399 Lafayette St., New York. Price \$1.62 Postpaid.

"The Mustard Tree," by O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C. Ss. R. This book presents a picture of the Church as it is today and from the fact of its present existence points to its divine character. The natural conclusion from the divinity stamped upon the Church is the Divinity of its Founder, Jesus Christ. This conclusion Fr. Vassall-Phillips aptly draws. The book has a preface by Mgr. Benson and an Epilogue by Hilaire Belloc. It is to be had at Benziger Bros.

	Lucid Intervals	
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He had had bad luck fishing, and on his way home he entered the butcher shop and said to the dealer: "Just stand over there and throw me five of the biggest of those trout!"

"Throw 'em? What for?" asked the dealer in amazement.

"So I can tell the family I caught 'em. I may be a poor fisherman, but I'm no liar."

Little Harold—Mother, won't you give me five cents for a poor man who is out in front crying.

Mother—Yes my son; here it is, and you are a good boy to think of it. Poor man! What is he crying about?

Little Harold—He's crying "Fresh roasted peanuts—five cents a bag."

Stout Gent—He called me a colossal ass!

Friend—Well, you are large, you know.

Parson—Do you know where little boys go to when they smoke?

Boy—Yes; up the alley.

"You admit then," inquired the Magistrate severely, "that you stole the pig?"

"I has to, Boss," said the prisoner.

"Very well," returned the Magistrate, with decision; "there has been a lot of pig-stealing going on around here lately and I am going to make an example of you, or none of us will be safe."

"My wife," said Mr. Clarke, "sent two dollars in answer to an advertisement of a sure method of getting rid of superfluous fat."

"And what did she get for the money? Was the information what she wanted?" asked Mr. Simmons.

"Well, she got a reply telling her to sell it to the soap man."

"Jane," said the mistress, "how was it that I saw you eating of our cake last evening?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Ma'am," answered the truthful maid. "I thought I had covered the keyhole, Ma'am."

A schoolteacher recently received the following note from the mother of one of her pupils: "Dear Mis: You writ me about whippin Sammy. I giv you permission to beet him up any time he won't lern his lesson. He is jest like his father, an you hev to beet him with a club to lern him anything. Pound nolege into him. Don't pay no attention to what his father says. I will handel him."

Two chance acquaintances from Ireland were talking together.

"An' so yer name is Riley?" said one. "Are yez anny relation to Tim Riley?"

"Very dishtantly," said the other. "Oi wus me mother's first child, an' Tim was the twelfth."

Pat, Mike and Terry went to war. During a battle Mike's arm was shot off. Running to Pat he cried: "Oh, Pat, Oi've had me ar-rm shot off."

Pat turned to him in disgust.

"Quit yer howlin'. Look at Terry over there. He's had his head shot off an' he ain't sayin' a word."

"Stockings?" said the salesman. "Yes, ma'am. What number do you wear?"

"What number?" snapped the stern-visaged lady. "Why two, of course. Do you take me for a centipede?"

"Something I can do for you, sir?" said the floorwalker to a man anxiously looking up and down every aisle.

"Well, yes," answered the man; "I seem to have lost my wife."

"Third floor, third aisle," said the floorwalker; "you'll find a full line of mourning goods there."

The city girl boarding in the country spoke to the farmer about the savage way in which the cow regarded her.

"Well," said the farmer, "it must be on account of that red waist you're wearing."

"Dear me," said the girl; "of course I know it's awfully out of fashion, but I had no idea a country cow would notice it."

